

VOLUME XXX.

NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1897.

NUMBER 759.

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Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles
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All you have guessed
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**CHICAGO
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RAILWAY**

Maple Leaf Route
CHICAGO
TO ST. PAUL
AND MINNEAPOLIS

F. H. LORD, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO.

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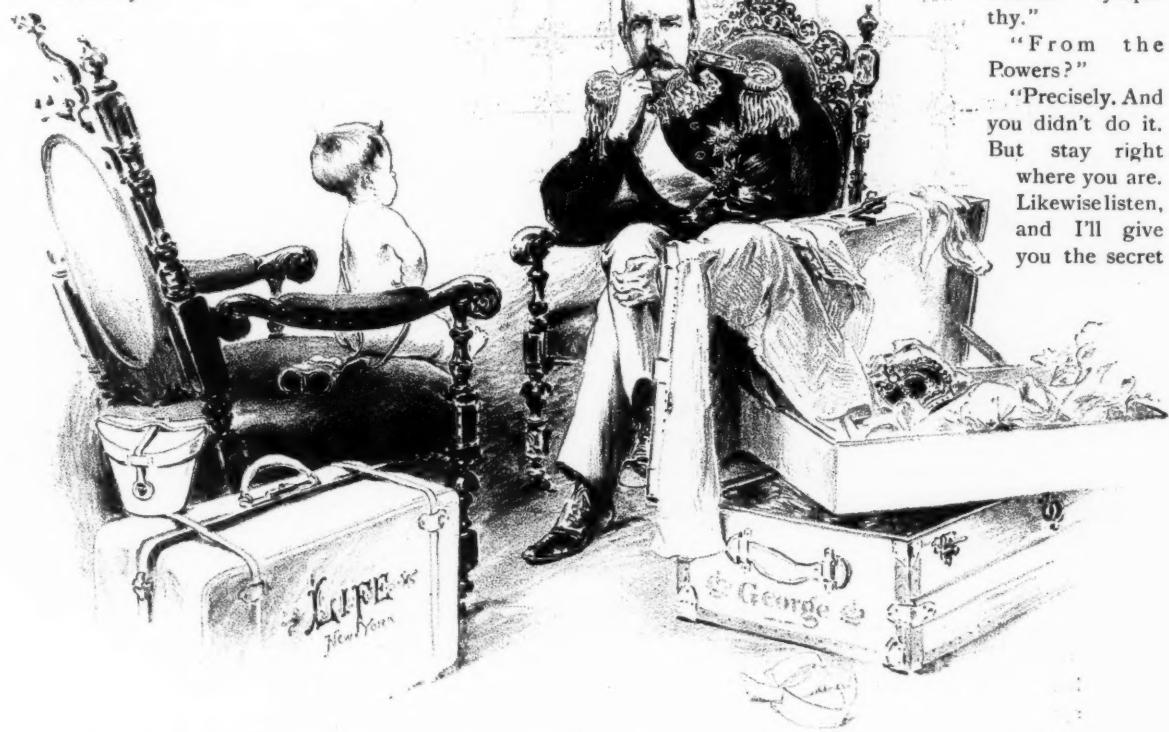
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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
19 and 21 West Thirty-first Street,

New York City.



"WELL, George, what does this mean?"
 "Hallo! Is this LIFE?"
 "Yes. What's up?"
 "Oh, I thought I'd pack up and move out. Fact is, I'm—" "Sick of the job?"
 "Precisely."



"I suppose, my dear King, you would like to give it up to that boy Constantine."

"Well, I—you know, he's—"

"Yes, he's an apricot, isn't he?"

"A what?"

"What you call a Greek peach. Now, old man, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't do it. I wouldn't mind taking you back with me. We have plenty of knaves already, but we might use a few worn-out kings—but your place is here."

"But—"

"Yes, I know it's hard luck. In the first place, you didn't want war. Then your beloved people insisted upon it, and now they blame you for the result."

"And that isn't the worst of it, LIFE."

"True. You haven't even presented the spectacle of a brave little people fighting for their rights, but you pitched in first and then ran away."

"Ah, but the Turk."

"Right, George. The Turk isn't

of success in ruling a people."

"What's that?"

"When you fight, always select someone smaller than yourself. When they are well licked, annex them."

"But—"

"Keep this up long enough, George, and you'll grow."

"Yes. But—"

"You'll then be hailed as a great monarch, who loves—"

"Well?"

"Peace, of course. Ta-ta, George, and take my advice."

a pleasant animal, but he might have done worse with you. The fact is, you knew you couldn't lick him, but you hoped to awaken sympathy."

"From the Powers?"

"Precisely. And you didn't do it. But stay right where you are. Likewise listen, and I'll give you the secret



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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IF the sentiment that whatever is, is right, has application to anything, it would certainly apply to the issue of a boat race where every crew did its best and had nothing to complain of except its own inability to do better. There is no shadow of suggestion from any source that the great race of June 25th was not decided strictly on its merits. There is grief in some quarters at its result, and prodigious surprise, but no grumbling. Cornell was victor because her crew could propel a boat considerably faster than the men of Yale and Harvard. That the race was a clean, honest race, is something to be thankful for.

It is good that Cornell should have won, because, though a university of the first distinction in aquatics, she has had hard work to find competitors who were a match for her, and if she had not won from Yale and Harvard this year, she would have had the same trouble in the future.

IT is good that Yale should have been beaten, because Yale really needed a defeat to keep her in proper mental condition. It is bad for sport to have the Yale crew always win, and since Harvard of late years has not been able to correct Yale's propensity to insist on going first, Yale ought to be thankful that another college has been found equal to the job.

As for Harvard, it puzzles her somewhat to discern any silver lining to her cloud. Heaven knows that, on general principles, she didn't seem to need defeat. She must be almost ready to believe that Providence has it in mind to perfect in her, by continuous affliction, an impregnable philosophy equal to any disaster, and superior to fate itself. She has not lost faith, however, in Mr. Lehmann, and if he proves as constant to her as she seems disposed to be to him, his theories of rowing are likely to be further tested in the Harvard boat. There are



various opinions about Harvard's English stroke, but the most prevalent sentiment about Harvard's English coach is that he is all right.



SINCE the race there has been a renewal of discussion as to "What ails Harvard, anyhow?" Men sit in clubs and argue whether her incapacity to win boat races results from a defect that is moral, intellectual or physical. It is suggested that she is too nice, too agnostic, too near Boston, and also that her men are too largely drawn from easy-going families in easy circumstances. She knows how to live, say some, but represents a class which has too much already in hand to make first-rate winners. Maybe so, but perhaps we ought not to wonder that with something like twenty coaches in twenty years she is not a match for Yale with her continuous Cook, or Cornell with her continuous Courtney. Cornell, with her big constituency of hardy youth, her beautiful water, her able professional coach, and the concentration of her best athletic energies on boating, ought to turn out strong crews, and it is no wonder that she does. If Harvard can keep Mr. Lehmann long enough it is probable that we shall see a revival both of her spunk and her skill, and the rehabilitation of her boating reputation. It takes time to pull out of a hole so deep as the one that she is in.



IT behooves those of our countrymen who are considering the question of annexing the Hawaiian Islands to try make up their minds whether they would be content to have the islands pass into possession of some other power than this. To annex Hawaii would be a nuisance. Her population is not

the sort the United States wants. If we take the islands we will have to spend money on them to make them tenable, and then spend more to hold them. Annexation will be troublesome and contrary to our old-time policy, and though it will be profitable to some individual Americans, it does not promise to be profitable to the American people in general. We can take the islands now, however, and hold them for better or worse, without stirring up much mischief. Whether, if we refuse to annex them, we can keep the hands of every other power off of them, seems not to be so sure. The choice in the Hawaiian matter seems to be a choice of evils. In such cases the most popular rule is to choose neither. Here's hoping that Congress may contrive a way to follow that course.



AWAKENED HIS AFFECTION.

"IT LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

"NO, HE WAS DEAD IN LOVE WITH HER BEFORE HE SAW HER."

"HOW COULD THAT BE?"

"\$500,000 IN HER OWN RIGHT."



AT THE HIGHER CULTURE SOCIETY.

The Hon. Humphrey Slider, 5 p. m.: MY FRIENDS, WHAT WE NEED IS TO FIX OUR MINDS ON HIGHER THINGS—IN OUR READINGS, IN OUR CONVERSATIONS, IN OUR ENTERTAINMENTS.

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged	\$952 40
C. E.	25 00
J. S. D.	10 00
E. S. Lefferts.	10 00
From "Sayville"	2 00
B. M. M.	2 00
Cash.	12 00
Mrs. W. L. Bull.	15 00
Mrs. V. W. Hoppin, Providence.	
In memory of Little Charlotte.	15 00
From M.	9 00
From L.	3 00
From L.	1 50
From F.	1 50
Rosalie Hooker, aged 4 years.	
Edward L. Coster.	30 00
	\$1,108 40



SOME WHO HAVE NOT GONE TO LIFE'S FARM.



"PINK MARSH," AND OTHERS.

HERE have been many kinds of negro dialect in fiction, but Mr. George Ade (author of "Artie") has sprung a new one on the public in "Pink Marsh" (H. S. Stone & Co.). This is the talk of a "city nigger" who blacks boots, plays policy and craps, talks philosophy



The Hon. Humphrey Slider, 8.40 p. m.: I THOUGHT THAT IN SUCH ATTIRE, AND IN SUCH COMPANY, I WOULD PASS UNNOTICED; BUT—SHADES OF BROWNING!—THE WHOLE SOCIETY HAS FIXED ITS MIND ON THE SAME IDEA.

with the morning customer, makes love to several dusky maidens, but discreetly marries a widow with "popehety," and starts on the road to sure wealth as a Pullman porter. Any one who cares to spell it out and learn the language, can extract considerable amusement from these sketches. *Pink* is a sure-enough negro in his love for big words, his superstitions, and his delight in gambling. He is not elevating company, but he is mildly humorous, and the author has shown cleverness in giving him a distinct personality. *Pink* adds one more to what may be called the Chimmie Fadden Gallery of city types. Dialect, with recurrent slang expressions, is a big part of their equipment for the business of literature. The only excuse for it is that odd city types do speak strange words that must be atrociously spelled to catch the eye and ear.

* * *

THE genial and *quasi* Irish Boston *Pilot* is puzzled because LIFE refers to the Scotch-Irishmen of the Middle States who speak "Elizabethan English." Seen from the *Pilot* office, the Scotch-Irishman is "the Boojum Snark of the human race." There are lots of things that don't grow wild up in Boston, and among them is the Scotch-Irishman. If the editor of the *Pilot* could ever get farther south than New York he would discover the real thing—a Scotchman who could not stand the Irish of Ulster and emigrated. His language was, and is to-day, packed full of Elizabethan phrases that have

been long since frozen out of New England speech. He brought the phrases with him nearly two hundred years ago, and has kept them because he has not corrupted his speech by reading the *Pilot*. There is no mystery about all this that needs explanation. If the tens of thousands of descendants of Ulstermen in the United States choose to call themselves Scotch-Irish in order that they may not, by any cruel mischance, be taken for real Irishmen, they have a perfect right to do so—as much as the *Pilot's* constituents have to call themselves Irish-Americans.

If the whole lot of them would simply call themselves Americans and devote themselves to the interests of this country alone, it would be a help to civilization. This driving tandem of two or three kinds of patriotism is too much for most intellects, even for that of the *Pilot*. * * *

CLINTON ROSS has learned a great deal about the art of story-telling in the past year or two. His collection of fourteen short stories, "The Meddling Hussy" (Stone & Kimball), shows half a dozen different manners—the best of which is in the historical tales, dug out of Revolutionary annals. In "Zuleka" (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.) Mr. Ross tries a bit of pure romance with North Africa for its setting, and brews a composite novel, suggesting Crawford, Hope and Rider Haggard, with enough that is its own distinct flavor to make it entertaining reading. The siege of Issouan is a stirring episode.

Droch.

A GREAT RELIEF.

"I KNOW just what I would do," he said,

"If I were in your place, dear.
With the stars all out and the moon overhead,

And only one other near.

"You are going away to the big hotel
By the side of the sounding sea;
What thoughts of others—ah, who can tell?—

Will usurp your thoughts of me!

"I know just what I would do, my dear,
And it makes me tremble for you;
In human weakness we're all quite near,
And I know just what I would do.

"I would make the most of the time I had;
I would flirt the livelong day;
And that is the reason it makes me sad
To think you're going away."

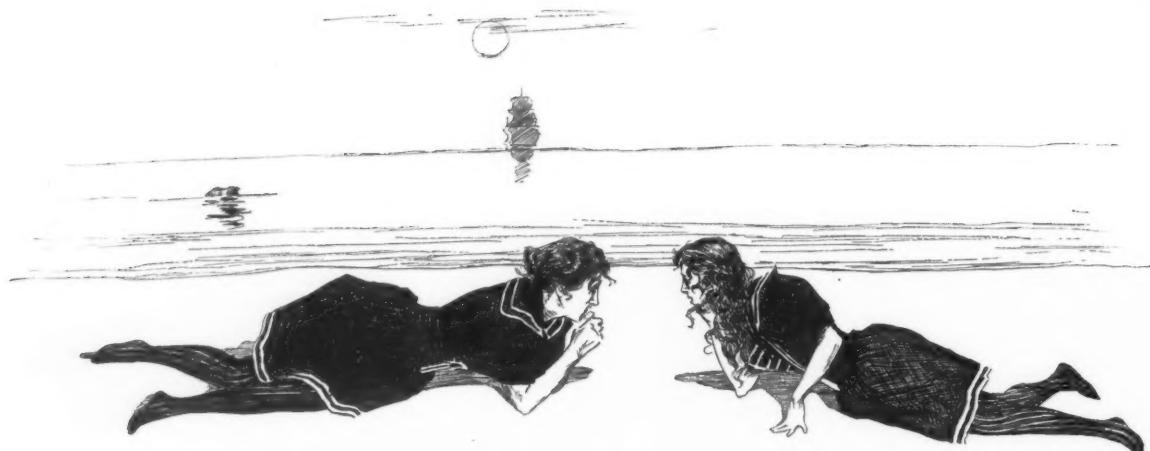
The maiden sat as one in a dream,
But she gave no deep-drawn sigh;
And he looked in vain for the jealous
gleam

He longed to see in her eye.

"Dear boy," she said, as she took his
hand,

"I'm glad, to the point of bliss
(For I feared that you might not understand),

That you know me as well as this."



"THE SECOND TIME I SAW HIM I WAS ENGAGED TO HIM."
"WHAT CAUSED THE DELAY?"

CONTEMPLATION.

I LOVE to gaze into the liquid azure of the sky—
Feel its immensity, and muse on worlds;
Its blue expanse immerses all my soul.
Alas, what specks we be in this vast universe,
And how forlorn! One sweetly solemn thought
Endears it to the true poetic mind;
In all the tinted heavens there's no matter
Found "unavailable, merely for lack of space."

Irwin Beaumont.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

(Applied to the average up-to-date Summer-resort Circular.)

WHAT IT ISN'T.

"THE Big Bluff Inn, new last season." (Resurrected farmhouse, built sometime B. C.)
"Accommodating one hundred guests." (Provided half of them sleep on the roof.)
"Is beautifully located." (Fifteen miles from anywhere.)
"Lighted throughout by electricity." (During thunder-shower only.)
"Long distance telephone." (Long distance from the house.)
"Morning and evening concerts." (By the birds and bull-frogs.)
"Positively no mosquitoes." (Nothing but black flies and fleas.)
"Cuisine better than ever before." (For the simple reason it couldn't be worse.)
"Livery-stable near by." (So near you wish it was farther.)
"Fresh-water bathing close at hand." (In your room.)
"Steam heat in every room." (From the cooking in the kitchen.)
"Driving-parties are constantly being gotten up." (Gotten up by the landlord and paid for by the guests.)
"New York and Boston mails received in the evening." (The evening of the third or fourth day.)
For further particulars and circular address,

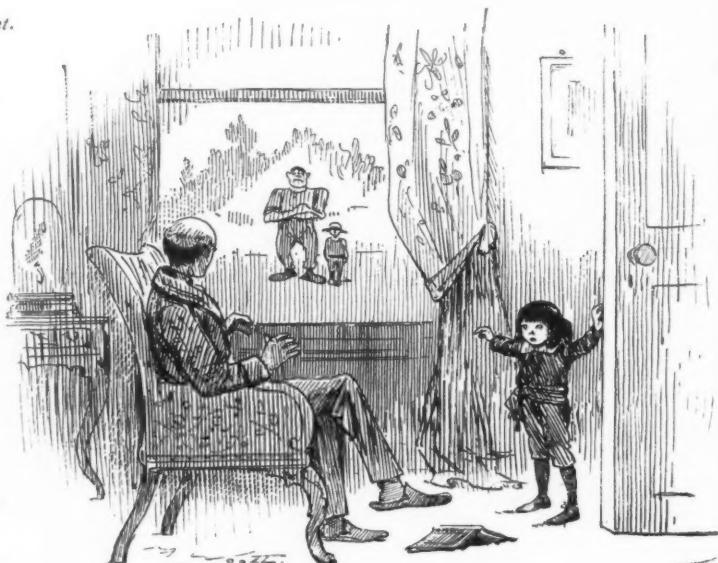
A. SNIDE,
"Anywhere-in-the-Country."

NO EVIDENCE.

LAWYER (*confidently*): I don't believe they will be able to make much of a case against us in that railroad crossing accident.

PRESIDENT OF ROAD: Why not?

"Well, you see, all the witnesses on the other side were killed."



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

"SAY, POP, COME OUT AND DOWN HIM. JIMMY RYAN SAID HIS PA COULD LICK MINE, AND I SAID HE COULDN'T, AND THEY'RE WAITIN' FOR YOU OUTSIDE."



"WELL, IF THAT DOG HASN'T SUPERHUMAN INSTINCT! HE RECOGNIZES YOUR PORTRAIT OF ME, DICK."

LIFE



GIRLS WILL BE

LIFE.



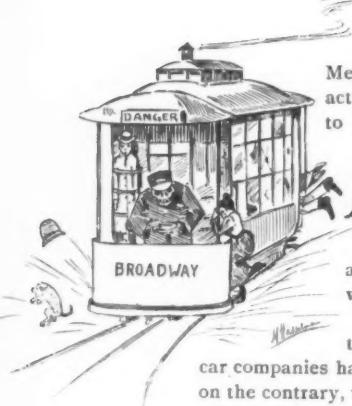
WILL BE GIRLS.

• LIFE •

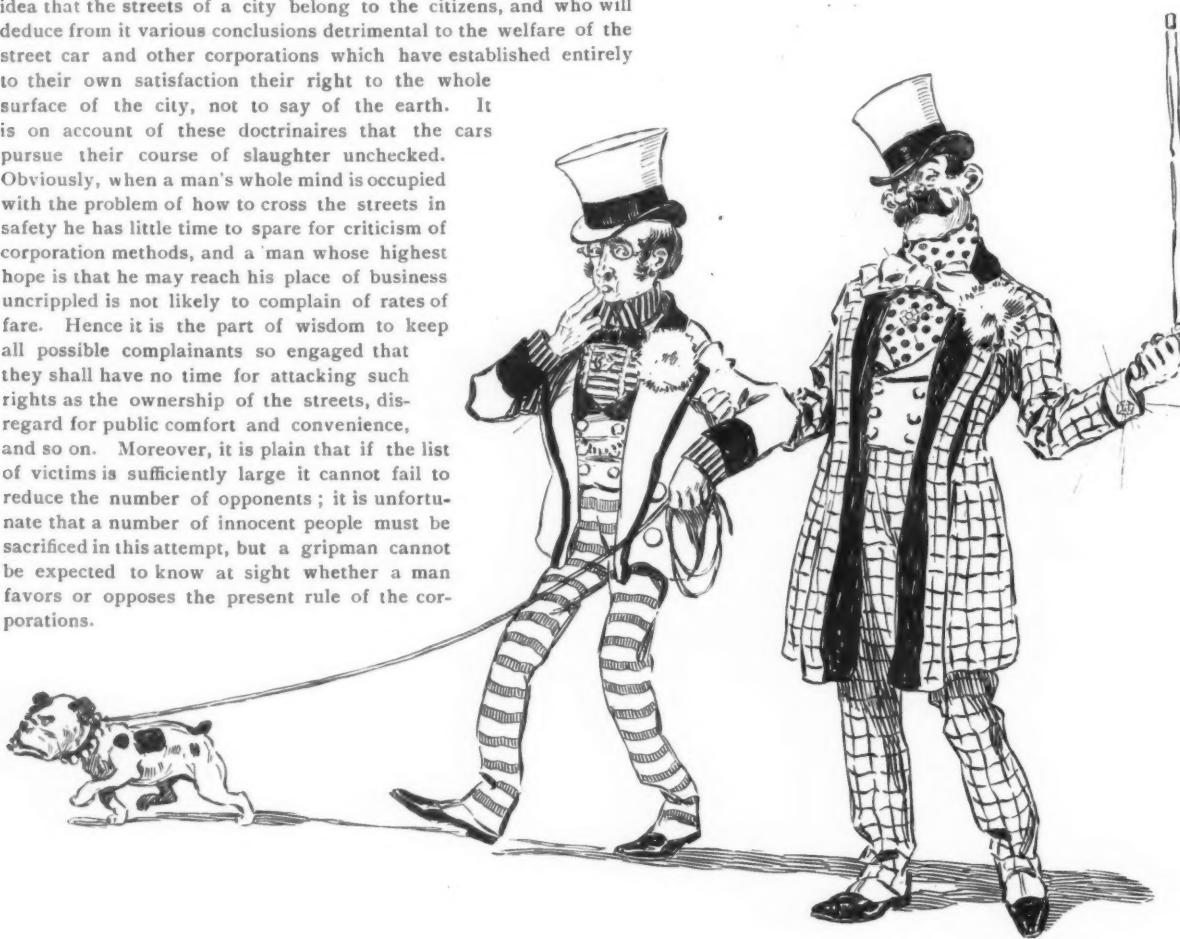
A WORD OF WARNING.

THREE is occasionally an impression abroad among our citizens that the Metropolitan Traction Company, if it does not actually abuse its privileges, at least lives up to their extreme limits. It would be possible for it, they maintain, without injury to itself, to allow the citizens some definite rights in regard to the use of the streets, and its gripmen and conductors might, without undue severity, be limited to a certain fixed number of killed and wounded per month.

Those who take this view fail sadly to understand the situation. The street car companies have no natural craving for bloodshed; on the contrary, what they do is done solely on principle and in self-defense. There are a certain number of unreasonable people opposing them who still cherish the exploded idea that the streets of a city belong to the citizens, and who will deduce from it various conclusions detrimental to the welfare of the street car and other corporations which have established entirely to their own satisfaction their right to the whole surface of the city, not to say of the earth. It is on account of these doctrinaires that the cars pursue their course of slaughter unchecked. Obviously, when a man's whole mind is occupied with the problem of how to cross the streets in safety he has little time to spare for criticism of corporation methods, and a man whose highest hope is that he may reach his place of business uncrippled is not likely to complain of rates of fare. Hence it is the part of wisdom to keep all possible complainants so engaged that they shall have no time for attacking such rights as the ownership of the streets, disregard for public comfort and convenience, and so on. Moreover, it is plain that if the list of victims is sufficiently large it cannot fail to reduce the number of opponents; it is unfortunate that a number of innocent people must be sacrificed in this attempt, but a gripman cannot be expected to know at sight whether a man favors or opposes the present rule of the corporations.

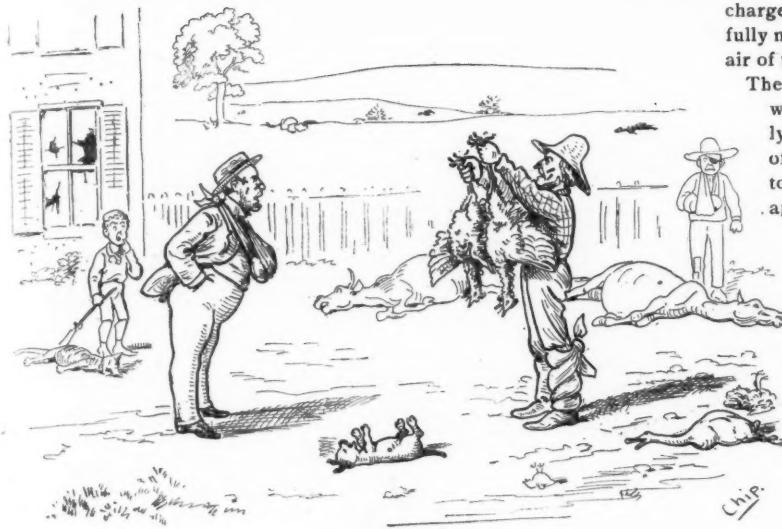


JULY FOURTH



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING TO APE ANY TASTES YOU DO NOT POSSESS.



AND JULY FIFTH.

A PARADOX.

FOR two ideals I strove, in eager
quest,

The first I lost—and why?
'Twas realized. The other, unpossessed,
Stays with me till I die.

THE man who deserves the most credit generally has to pay cash.

LIFE'S PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

ARRAGANSETT
PIER is an institution devoted to external and internal bathing.

terial bathing, which is perched on the rock-bound coast of Rhode Island. When a young man of rapid transit habits fails to acquire Paris by reason of parental parsimony, he may, by judicious avuncular negotiation, attain Narragansett. Of course, there are things in Paris that Narragansett has not adopted; but the Pier has advantages of a bohemian sort that Paris might object to.

The pier itself is a tradition, though there is a decayed and storm-beaten wharf at the resort; but this attraction is not alluded to boastfully. Socially, Narragansett is a bar (sinister) relation of Newport-across-the-bay, and is regarded by the latter as Boston years ago regarded Texas—a place where social conventions are ignored, where illuminated vivacity congregates, and where the thermometer breaks the record. Narragansett is cynical about Newport, and hints that the nobility and gentry of Newport who spend swift days and rapid nights at the Pier, return home via the gold cure. Possibly this is merely the social jealousies of the two parades finding utterance.

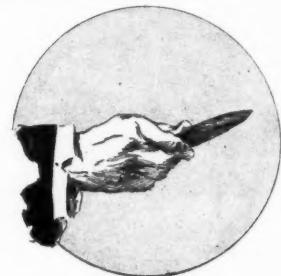
THE Pier consists of a series of architecturally startling cottages strung along the cliffs, and a storm centre of hotels and casinos. There are two casinos, the big and the little, and the concierge, M. Sherry of New York, judging from results, appears to hold cards—and spades also. There is an indirect tax for looking at the casinos, a specific tariff for entering their portals, and an *ad valorem* duty for escaping from them. The prices of everything, from atmosphere to civility, are lofty and depressive in these joyous joints, and seem designed to keep out the lower orders; for Sherry understands the haughty disdain of a real gentleman.

charged with high (priced) spirits, and has thoughtfully marked up the goods that impregnate the summer air of the casino.

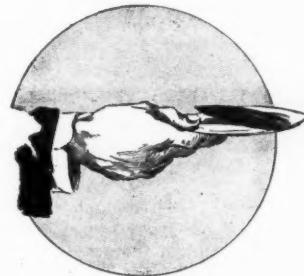
The cottagers come from those mad centres of whirling gayety, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Providence; they are pallid with the pace of church sociables, giddy women's clubs, whilst tournaments, and other forms of dissipation; they are aristocratic and cosmopolitan, and have done Europe, Chicago and Niagara with Crook's excursions. They come to the Pier for relaxation, and leave the evangelical pleasures of winter's merry revels behind, after securely boxing up Mrs. Grundy's rules in the safety deposit vault; and they relax with the ease and flexibility of a prehensile monkey's tail.

The nobility and gentry of the cottages are next in rank and succession to the aristocracy

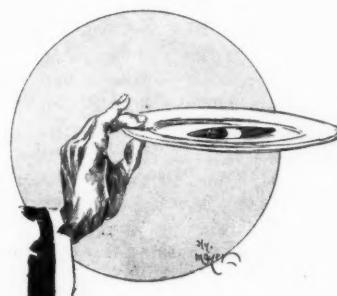
HOW THE WAITER PRESENTS THE CIGARS
ACCORDING TO THEIR PRICE.



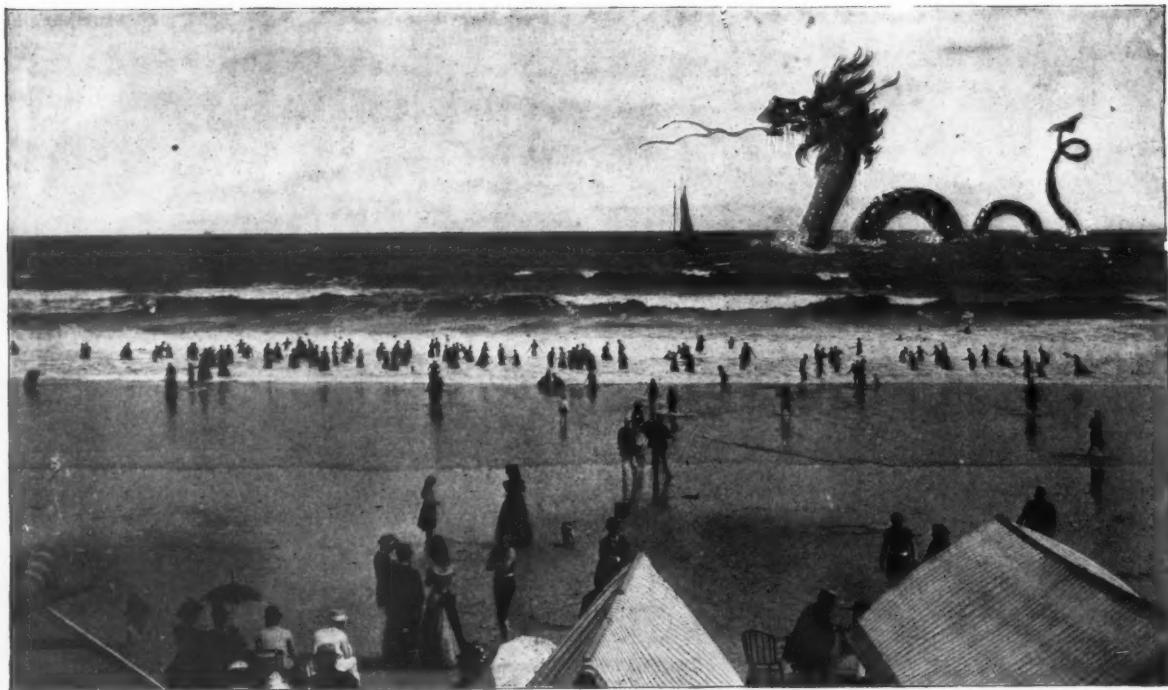
FIVE CENTS.



FIFTEEN CENTS.



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



VIEW AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

of Newport, and comprise plug-tobacco barons, blood-purifier kings, noblemen in dry and wet goods, and gentlemen in oil, ale and pig-iron. The literary element adds to the gaiety of the Pier, for we have here the editors of business agency serials, chiefs of literary bureaus of department stores, a few bookmakers, and the American de Goncourt, A. Quivering Grunter, accompanied by his two famous, yellow-covered dogs, Barnes and Potter.

HERE is a country club and an anise bag at the Pier; but they are only used on the arrival of some lost and abandoned British nobleman. Mountains, cascades and rivers are not used at Narragansett Pier, though, of course, they could be bought and paid for, if there was any demand for them. Architecture is the most forcible feature of the place, and the Villa Nicotina has more renaissance to it than any \$500,000 bath-house on the bay, and it is made of real stone.

The noon-day bathing festival is the hour of the Pier's radiant glory; the whole population assembles to witness the ceremonies, even the retired bandits

who drive hacks abandoning their vehicular derelicts for the time being. Some daring souls enter the water with reckless abandon, but the more conservative ladies, robed in garments with expurgated skirts, recline upon the warm, wholesome strand, viewing the ocean with profound distrust and their own anatomy with deep admiration.

Rates at the hotels are higher than the temperature of the matrons of the Casino, though no charge is made for the atmosphere, ocean or scenery, outside of the Sherry reserves. Guests have the choice of sleeping in their rooms or the halls, according as they store their trunks inside or outside of their apartments.

The cold and formal manners of South Boston are not popular at the Pier, nor do the hauteur and austerity of Twenty-eighth Street cafés meet with favor. The proud and disdainful leading lady unbends there, and converses affably in French and tights with the two-chinned, terrapin-lined gentleman from Baltimore; the haughty and unyielding floor-walker puts on flannels and urbanity; the syndicate littérateur forgets to quote his own contributions to contemporary letters;

the poet of the pill factory sits down in peace and mutual admiration with the beach artist in water colors; and life is one grand, sweet song, punctuated with cocktails.

* * *

NARRAGANSETT PIER and the Narragansett peerage are proudly indifferent to Newport's frigidity and sneers; they will be at Newport when the haughty ones there are shedding tears and foliage and are soliciting patronage for their tea joints, bonnet factories and flower bureaus. They know the social cycle of fate and understand the invincibility of the dollar; they are now enjoying the tropic pleasures of their coin; in time they will cross the bay and blow themselves on decrepit and imported noblemen.

Tourists and excursion raters will find Narragansett unsympathetic; if they escape the hackmen, the hotel mafia and Sherry will ambush them. If they remain forty-eight hours and escape on the New London freight, they will be able to understand why G. A. R. men so frequently recall the late lamented war. Two weeks in August will exhaust the constitution and capital of the aver-

age man who listens to the siren voice of Narragansett Pier.

If you are ever solicited to go to Narragansett Pier, go at once to Coney Island or Jersey City, or failing them, open correspondence with a green goods man. You will save money by your forethought. *Joseph Smith.*

WHAT THE SUN SAID.

THE summer sun glared fiercely down
Upon the seashore gay,
And watched the maidens as they pranced
In Neptune's briny spray.

"Humph!" said the orb, as up he rose
And took another turn.
"Tis true that men are lacking here,
But there are girls to burn!"

Virginia Niles Leeds.

EVERY man has two wives: the one he has and the one he thinks he has.



Mrs. Doolan: AN' PHWHY IS MISTER CASEY NOT ON DOOTY TO-DAY? IS IT SICK HE IS?

Mrs. Casey: NO, HE'S DISCHARGED FROM THE FOORCE. HE'S GOT SO FAT THOT HE COULDN'T SHTAND BETWEEN TWO CABLE CARS WIDOUT PUSHIN' THIM OFF THE THRACK.

HARD LUCK.

WHEN Tom Plaster got out of his chair there was a rustle and crackle, as of mussing stiffly starched linen. I looked at him in surprise, for I was under the impression that he had a negligee shirt on, and I found that I was right; it was a soft shirt.

"Hello, old man," I asked, as I noted the look of patient pain on his face, "what's the matter?"

"You see," he explained, gently straightening up, accompanied by the same mysterious rustle and crackle, "I came home unexpectedly the other day while my wife was out, and I put in the time taking a bath, and she had had the bathtub repainted while I was out of town."

"Dear me," I said, sympathetically, "how very unfortunate."

"Yes," he assented, mournfully. "And besides, she's done nothing but blow me up for spoiling the tub every time she's seen me since."

Alex. Ricketts.

A MISTAKEN ASSUMPTION.

"YOU have, aw, no leisure clawss in this countwy, aw," remarked the interrogative visitor.

"You can't have seen a room full of government clerks in action," replied the native American.

THE best antidote for woman is women.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

BROWNE: Salt is cheap the world over.
TOWNE: Hump! Did you ever buy chloride of sodium at a drug store?



A DIABOLICAL SMILE.

LIFE.



IN THE GARDEN.

I have a little garden,
A dear, sequestered spot,
In which I love to delve and dream,
And give free rein to thought.
'Tis there I've watched how nature weaves
The magic of her spell;
And through the sprouts, and shoots, and leaves,
I've learned her lessons well.

I've got a little darling,
Who loves my garden, too—
A curly-headed baby boy,
With eyes of wondrous blue.
And yesterday he delved where I
Had fondly delved before;
My shoots and tendrils withering lie,
And they will sprout no more!

—*Cleveland Leader.*

HERE is a drought story told by a traveling man: I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"MISS SMUTHER was named after her Uncle George, wasn't she?"

"I don't know. She looks as if she was named before him."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.



WAY AND WILLIAMS: CHICAGO.

Bolano. By Opie Read.

Constantine. By George Horton.

Dreams of To-Day. By Percival Pollard.

Saints, Sinners, and Queer People. By Marie Ed. Beynon. New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

His Excellency. By Emile Zola. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"THAT mine in Tuolumne County is costing me a mint of money," said a local capitalist to one of his employees. "I wish you would figure around and see if you can't make a saving somewhere. If you can I'll raise your salary \$50 a month."

"But suppose I can't make a saving of \$50 a month?" inquired the young man.

"Well, I tried to figure it out myself, and I can't find where I can save a cent. If you can you are worth \$50 a month more."

"All right, sir. I'll look into it."

The young man went over all the accounts, but he could not find where he could cut down a single expense. Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing \$25 a month for acting as secretary of the mining company.

"I've found a place where you can save \$25 a month," he informed his employer the next day. "I've cut off that salary of \$25 a month we've been paying the secretary for doing nothing."

He got his raise.—*San Francisco Post.*

WHEN a certain bishop was about to make a visitation of his diocese his wife said to him: "Now, Bishop, you know you mustn't eat any mince pie; for you know it never agrees with you." "No, I won't," said the Bishop, and for a while he withstood the temptation in various quarters. But, at last, he succumbed to an especially choice piece, and it was so good that he ate another. That night he was taken violently ill, and the physician who was summoned was greatly surprised to find how extremely nervous his patient was over his condition. "Why, Bishop, surely you are not afraid to die?" "Oh, no," said the Bishop, "I am not afraid to die, but I am very much ashamed to die."—*Christian Register.*

"WHY is that man dragging that poor little boy along that way? Gracious goodness! He'll jerk the poor, weeping, little fellow's arm out of its socks! What do you suppose is the trouble?"

"There's a circus parade up on the next street, and the man is probably afraid that the little boy will run if they don't hurry."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"I SEE from the war news," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that several Turkish magazines have been captured."

"Yes," replied Snaggs. "I suppose the object is to prevent the editors from filling their pages with articles for the next twenty-five years."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

TOMPKINS (learning): Do you think that I am good at it, Jinks?

JINKS: At what?

"Golf, of course. What do you think?"

"I haven't seen you play golf yet. You've been cutting sod all day. At that you're a dandy."

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

"How did you come out with that piece of stonework?" asked the sculptor's friend.

"Not so well as I expected. The city accepted without a murmur and I got scarcely a column of advertisement out of it."—*Washington Star.*

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THERE was a young maid in Dubuque

Who ate an assortment of cuque—

Umbers and cream,

And now, it would seem,

She is gone beyond praise or rebuke.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"No," he said, "it is impossible to take something from nothing."

"I don't know about that," she replied, as she picked a long brown hair from his coat collar.—*Cleveland Leader.*

MRS. MULCAHY: And so your cow is sick?

MRS. BURKE: She is, and it makes it hard for me and the children, we have no milk at all; I have to sell it.—*Boston Transcript.*



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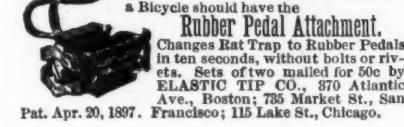
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IMPECUNIOUS COUNT (looking at portraits of his ancestors): Lucky fellows, you old robber barons! You only took the cash of the money-bags. We have to take their daughters, too.

—Fliegende Blätter.

PAPA: I am surprised that you are at the foot of your class, Tommy. Why aren't you at the head sometimes, like little Willie Bigbee?

TOMMY: You see, papa, Willie's got an awfully smart father, and I guess he takes after him.—Northwest Magazine.

MRS. MANN (meeting her former servant): Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?

MARY: No, ma'am. I'm working for nothing now; I'm married. —Fliegende Blätter.



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A WASHINGTON clergyman tells a story of a class of Sunday school boys who were reciting clauses of the Apostles' Creed in turn. When the last clause was reached one of the boys explained: "The boy that believes in the Holy Ghost is not here to-day."

—N. Y. Tribune.

AN OLD revolutionary soldier in Portland had a small pension, of which he was very proud, and by doing such work as he could, he secured a sufficient income to provide for his modest wants. One day he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell almost to the bottom. The mistress of the house hurried to him in great alarm, and asked if he thought he was seriously injured. "I guess not, ma'am," he said, rising stiffly to his feet and gasping with fright; "I don't think I'm killed. But when I was half-way down the stairs, ma'am, thinks I, 'I'm a-going to lose my pension, sure!'"—Argonaut.



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—Philadelphia North American.

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SHE: Yes—one.

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“But I didn’t reject him; I married him.”

—Boston Traveler.

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